The night has girdled on her garb of glooms The bleak north wind shrieks shrill along theals, While startled clouds are tossed afar like plumes And stricken forests shiver in despair.

Out on the heaving ocean, vast and dark, The mad storm drives with swift, succeed

shocks And angry hiss, a frail and mastless bark To other doom upon the expectant rocks.

Heavy with spice, and languorous with calm, The soft south wind, fresh from gold tropic seas, Caresses with delicious wafts of balm The summer glory of the Antilles.

It seeks, amid the emerald of its bowers, The hammock where a Creole, pale and fair,
Lies like a flower among the other flowers,
And plays with the soft splendors of her hair!

—F. S. Saltus in Pittsburg Bulletin.

FERGUS CAMPBELL.

When my publishers assigned to me the duty of reporting the Montreal carnival I telegraphed to Fergus Campbell to engage a room for me in the house where he had his lodgings. Already there had been a tumultuous rush for the hotels, and lodgings were at a premium.

Fergus Campbell was a Scot whom I had met in Dunblane, but for ten years he had been engaged on the reportorial staff of a Montreal journal. He hired rooms of an aged Frenchwoman who owned a dilapidated chateau on Dorchester street. Ordinarily he was her sole lodger, and madame was too decrepit to properly attend even to his simple wants; but in those days of activity and festivity she imbibed some of the prevalent spirit of enterprise, and agreed to rent me a room.

Certainly I would never have chosen the chateau for my permanent abode, albeit I was glad to spend a week with Campbell. It was composed of a crumbling mass of gray stone, and was dingy and cheerless. Campbell hired a bedroom and a sitting room in this unpleasant dwelling, and two more unwholesome and disorderly apartments it would

be difficult to find. It was long after midnight when I first entered the chateau. I had visited Dominion square, and seen the ice palace with its turreted towers and frowning battlements; we had tried the steepest. speediest toboggan shoot in the city: I had seen the governor general open the carnival, and had sent his speech verbatim to The Pittsburg Bellows before I renewed my acquaintance with Fergus Campbell.

Late as it was he was engaged in cooking our supper. He was committing the culinary atrocity of frying a beefsteak, and was smoking a pipe while he worked. He was a man of 35 years, with a huge, angular frame and big lungs. He had a shock of brown hair, a broad, white forehead, keen blue eyes under shaggy brows, and a beard that presented as unkempt an appearance as a blackthorn hedge. His big frame was clothed in a ragged dressing gown that had long done double service as a garment and pen wiper. Certainly no one would have suspected him of being a "ladies' man," nor the hero of a romance, yet I subsequently learned that he had once been betrothed to a woman.

We had a very delightful time over our beefsteak and ale, for Campbell was excellent company. He was slipshod and tattered; he drank ale out of a pewter mug, and smoked the worst tobacco in the queen's dominion. He was ugly and eccentric, but he was picturesque, and was undeniably a gentleman. He seemed to be uncomplainingly submissive to the hardships in his life.

I had need of his cheer for several days, for my work proved arduous. I was expected to send home entertaining accounts of the carnival, and it was virtually suspended. A warm rain had drenched me to the skin, and had made the ice palace preceptibly thinner. If it continued, this fairy building would soon be obliterated. Out of door pastimes were impossible, and I returned to the chateau one night feeling tired and dis-heartened. I intended to leave Montreal on the following morning.

I found Campbell in an unusually silent mood. It was a black night, and I suspected that he was depressed by the bad weather and by my approaching departure. The man was naturally sociable, and had enjoyed companionship as ardently old stove. I kept wondering why this big learted Scote anan was so removed from the rest of the world. A man of his simple mind nothing could be plainer ability could earn a living anywhere. Why, in the name of reason, had he naver made use of his voice? Evidently it had been cultivated, and he sang so well that he might have been famous throughout the world.

I am not superstitions nor imaginative, but on that night I disliked my surroundings. 'rine room was danly lighted. In the adjoining apartment I could see Campbell's dressing gown hanging on one of the high, old fashioned bed posts, and I could not rid myself of the fancy that an emaciated figure stood in the Scotelman's bedroom, clothed in his tattered gown. Werse than that, the figure had the rigidity of a corpse. I turned

my beels upon it.
"You ought to leave this place, Campbel" I mid, "and get into the whirl of rican enterprise. Come with me to the States, where journalism has more

He had been smoking in silence; but now he spoke.
"Montreal is not a bad place. It is a

deal cleaner than your town of Fittsburg, and a deal less infernal." "You know about as much of Pitts-

burg as you do of the infernal regions," I said, surprised at his remark. "You told me yesterday that you had never visited the United States."

He crossed his legs, dropped his chin upon his big chest and eyed me from under his shaggy brows. Then he made this remarkable statement:

"What I said yesterday was true; but since then I have visited New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The last town I saw was Pittsburg, and I hope I may never be compelled to see its like again. I looked at him sharply. Was he joking or laboring under some hallucination? His expression was serious-nay, even

his eyes and his face was pallid. Had he been drinking? No; his battered mug was filled with his untouched ale. "Of course you don't expect me to believe you." I said. "No man ever trav-

eled the distance you mention in a single night of his life." "I know that perfectly," he answered, earnestly; "but I wasn't alive. Man, I was dead!"

"And was resurrected this morning?" I asked, derisively. "What joke are you trying to play, Campbell?" "I am not joking," he answered, seriously. "I could not jest about so grave a matter as death. But, Bradford, I died! At 4 o'clock this morning my spirit left my body yonder in that small room. If you will listen respectfully I'll talk of it."

I took a drink of ale. In spite of my-self I could not help seeing that hideous figure in the other room. It appeared now like Campbell's skeleton clad in his

"I don't know why I feel like talking of myself to you," he said, "for you are full of gibes and ridicule; but I like you. lad, and although I have chosen to live a hermit's life, I sometimes grow weary of silence and solitude, and hunger a bit for

human sympathy.
"I was born in Dunblane, and began life in humble circumstances. father died when I was a bairn, and my mother was too poor to give me an easy life, though she gave me a bit of schooling. On Saturdays I worked in the bishop's library, where I earned a little money by dusting and climbing for the librarian. After my mother died I wont to live with a great singer. I was a good scholar, and he made me his secretary. When I had been with him a little while I went to the opera to hear him sing, and this experience turned my head. I talent, the fervor, the patience and the enthusiasm of an artist. Oh. man, man! I had the vanity, too, of all stage struck lunatics, and was sure I would be a mas-

"You probably remember the Bishop's Walk in Dunblane. It runs close to the River Allan, and was properties to the Companionship. But the air was empty, and only my spirit was astir.

"I changed my course at least to the Companionship." River Allan, and was named for the bishop, Robert Leighton. I used to be very fend of that walk, and one spring seur of feminine loveliness, but I know that Mailie Morrison was beautiful. Her eyes were blue and sweet, her hair brown and bonnie and her throat was like snow. Bradford, I can't make you see her as she looked coming down the Bishop's Walk with her hands full of primroses, and her cheeks surpassing them, The save me. lass was straight and trim and strong,

"After I knew her my life was changed. My greatest object had been to become a was secondary. I wanted to marry Mai-

lie Morrison. "Her father was not willing that I should visit her, but I cared little, since I stopped before a dwelling.

found my lass in the fields by the ruins in an upper room a lamp was burnof the Cathedral of St. Blane, and ever and by I had reason to leave Dunblane. with him. Mailie Morrison consented to marry me and go with me if we could gain her father's consent.

"Morrison was a Covenanter and a man of such iron will that he was an unplearant opponent to tackle. He was bitterly prejudiced against public singers. He hated the theatre, and openly pronounced it the gateway of hell. Besides his aversion to my profession, he had another and more personal grudge against heaven! Can I ever forget what wrath me. He had been up for mayor of the and malice distorted his face at sight of place, and blamed me for his defeat. I had tried my 'prentice hand at journal-ism, and had written some fierce things against his party. But I could not think he would long oppose my suit for two such reasons.

"I had reckoned without my host. He hated me. He would have rejoiced if hell had opened and taken me in. What? I, a singer, marry the daughter of so great a man as he! Lord, man, he'd have sooner trusted her to old Beelzebub! He raved at my proposal and lashed himself into a terrible fury. He said that I had written such a pack of lies : bout him he had lost his election,

"My lass took her Bible for guidance, and found nothing in it to justify her wedding without her father's consent It said: 'Children, obey your parents ir the Lord, -r this is right,' and to her than her duty. Certainly she could find no passage commanding obedience to her lover. Her father told her that if we married he would curse us and our children.

"I besought her not to yield to his un-recsenable prejudice, but she stood in the Lishop's Walk, white as a ghost, and me good-by. I told her she had the heart of a woman or she could not send me away.

i did not go to Italy, for my ambition had vanished. How could I sing with such a heavy heart? I chose the life of a recluse. I came to Montreal and cratched out such a living as my pen would yield.

forrison was so mortified by his poidical defeat that he could not bide in Dunblane. He and his daughter went to live in Pittsburg. I learned of this through a Dunblane newspaper.

"As yesterday was my birthday, Brad-

ford, I made some resolutions, I re-solved that I would waste no more time, For tan years I have bided in this house, hugging a foolish hope that Mailie Mor-PittsPittspittsgions,"
"You never music. I told myself that maybe the lass was married and had forgotten the Bicker's Walk-Bishop's Walk.

"It was midnight when I went to bed. This old house seemed desolate, and I eculi not sleep. I heard the clock strike 2, 3 and 4, and then—man, I cannot describe it, but I had the most horrible sempation I ever experienced. Nothing but death could give it. A sweat was on my lips and forehead, My breath came laboriously. My pulses ceased and the action of my heart was imperceptible. I knew I was dying. I tried to solemn. There were heavy shadows about | relly. My life has not been what I desired, yet I was wildly eager to live. I tried desperately to cast off the dreadful lethargy into which I was sinking. I tried to cry cut for help, but could not make a sound. I was struggling with make a sound. I was struggling with death, and such a fight it was that I shudder when I recall it. I was keenly, cruelly alive to the fact that my feet were like ice, and that the cold was creeping up my limbs towards my heart. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth; my respiration grew slower and slower, and finally ceased; my heart had stopped beating, my jaw dropped, and I was dead!

"During my life I had always believed in a dual existence—a bodily and a spiritual one. Now this duality was proven. My spirit left my body and stopped to look at the house it had tenanted. With my spiritual vision I saw my eyes close and my limbs grow rigid. I saw that I

"My mental faculties remained, but I gown.

He did not begin his story at once, but sat wrapped in profound thought, while the wind soughed dismally and his pipe went out unheeded. It was not until I sensations. I cannot say that the wind rushed into my face, for I had no face. I cannot say that my head swam, for I cannot say that the had no control of my actions. My spirit I cannot say that my head swam, for I had no head. And yet I felt that the wind was blowing cold and wet, and the awful swiftness of my locomotion thrilled me with terror. I kept thinking 'I'm dead, and where am I going? I am pretty high up, and am devoutly thank-

I had been regarding Campbell with curiosity as well as suspicion. Sometimes I believed that he was manufacturing his dream or vision or ghost story out of whole cloth. I was tempted to rate him soundly for trying to make a fool of me, but something in his manner restrained me.

"I was not up too high," he continued, "to see where I was traveling. I was passing over Albany, for I saw the outline of a building that must have been the capitol. I continued southward with wished to be a singer, too. I heard him the same awful impetus, passing over practicing, and I practiced. I was his imitator, his emulator, his parrot. And I could sing. I knew well that I had the improvement that I supposed were Kingston, Newburg and West Point. I followed the Hudson until I came to New Jersey, the Hudson until I came to New Jersey, and went over the interior of that state. All this time I was wondering whether the atmosphere was peopled by other spirits than mine. Was mine the only soul that was destined to travel in this eccentric fashion? Some of my friends "My employer heard me sing, and of-fered to teach me. I was 25 years old when I was offered my first engagement | eccentric fashion? Some of my friends had died, and, in the awful stillness and loneliness of that hour, I longed for their

"I changed my course at length and went westward." I seemed to be crossing over the state of Pennsylvania, Suddenly I thought I knew where I was morning I found a woman in it who going, and, Bradford, I can give you no liked it also-as bright and blithe a idea of the agony I experienced at the woman as ever trod upon Scottish discovery. I was passing over a dark heather. Ido not pretend to be a connoislight. I could see no buildings, but I saw a blaze of fire that filled me with horror. It was below me, and as it belched out in all its lurid intensity 1

"It was not the infernal regions, after and there was a deal of shy sweetness looking from under the broad brim of burg! The fire that had frightened me was from the iron foundries, the copper smelting mills and the oil refineries, for which the place is famous. I could feel famous singer, but now that ambition the air hot with their fiery breath. I passed them and a cathedral, and finally I reached a suburb of the town. Then I went slower and lower, and at last

ing, and a woman's shadow occasionally and again in the Bishop's Walk. But by fell upon the curtain. I knew it was Mailie Morrison's even before she stopped I needed to study more, and my manager at the window and looked out. Brad-offered to take me to Italy, where, he ford, it was my less, grown older, but said, I could take lessons in the great with the same sweet face that I had last conservatories and still earn my living seen in the Bishop's Walk. An instant later her father jerked the curtains aside and stood beside her. He was horribly changed. His eyes were bloodshot, his face was purple and his form wasted. He was wholly unlike the strong bodied politician of Dunblane. For ten years I had hated him, but this morning I was touched by his wretched condition. I was grieved to know 1 was invisible to my lass; but her father saw me! Good me? He seemed crazed with rage, and he beat with his two clinched fists upon the glass, shivering the pane into thousands of bits and cutting his flesh to the bone. He was a maniac, and he believed I was in the flesh, for he tried to reach me and strangle me with his bleeding hands. Man, man! in his blind and eager fury he hurled his wretched body from the window to the ground. I, a thing of air, could do naught to save him, and I saw him fall dead before me! I could not speak to my lass, who also saw his act; but I was forced to see the anguish in her white, distracted face. And while the people came from the house to carry the dead man in I was suddenly borne away.

"I returned with even greater swiftness, and by the same long route by which I had gone. I reached Montreal before light was fairly here, and entered the chateau unhindered by windows and doors. I saw my dead body still lying with drawn face, closed eyes and fallen jaw. My spirit seemed to recognize my body as its natural nome, for in the twinkling of an eye it entered it again. My heart began to pulsate, my blood was flowing and my brain awake. Fer-

gus Campbell was in the flesh again! "I sat up and lighted my lamp. I was still cold and wet with clammy perspiration. The clock was striking 7, and I remembered that I had been to Pittsburg and back by an unnecessarily long route in exactly three hours."

"You certainly made remarkably quick time," I commented. "I'd say you'd been suffering from delirium tremens if I was not aware of your temperate habits. You had the nightmare, Campbell." He placed a telegram in my hands.

"Read it," he said, eagerly. "It came this evening, and it proves that I saw Morrison die. The dispatch was from a relative of Campbell's in Pittsburg. These were its contents:

"Morrison killed himself this morning by jumping from his window. He has been mad for years."
We looked at each other in silence. "By Jove!" I said at last, "you have

either been telling a stupendous lie or this is a remarkable coincidence."

"It's no lie," he answered, solemnly.
"Bradford, it's as true as gospel." Two years passed before I saw Campbell again. He came down the corridor of the Windsor hotel, and I could not fail to notice that his appearance had greatly improved. He had gained considerable avoirdupois, and was dressed in excellent taste. His old frank smile remained unaltered, and I could not mis-

"You are Fergus Campbell," I said, and offered my hand. He grasped it cordially,
"I was Fergus Campbell once," he
said; "but"—with an irresistible and

contagious grin-"they call me Signor Cambellini now!"

"Then you have finished your studies?"
"Yes," he answered, "I am a full fledged opera singer now."
I longed to ask him if he was married, but feared the subject might be a painful one.

"Come to my rooms," he said, as if he knew what was in my mind, "and see my wife and bairn. I am married to Mailie Morrison, Bradford. After her father's violent death she went back to Dunblane and I followed hor. I met her in the Bishop's Walk and we agreed that we would never be separated again. Come, and I'll sing for you. And it will be no Italian melody to night, but a good Scotch song about The Flower o' Dunblane."-Francis B. Currie in Frank Leslie's.

The Loco Weed in Oregon.

In a recent issue of The Scientific American, under heading of "Natural History Notes," you speak of the "loce" or "crazy weed" of Texas and that its reputed power of producing insanity and death has been proved unfounded. This assertion of the innocence of the "loco weed" I cannot contradict; but the fact of a certain weed (by some called the "loco") that grows on the Columbia river bottoms, between the "Cascades" and "The Dalles," that will cause temporary insanity in horses not accustomed to feed on the bottom lands, is too well known to doubt. Although I have never seen an animal directly under the influence of the word, yet I have seen them immediately afterwards, and the signs were unanh takable-the animal with his head and fore legs bruised and bleeding, the stell, manger and feed boxes totally demediched, and everything denoting a terril to struggle. Almost every farmer occupying bottom lands will tell you the same story, not among his own stock, as they are necustomed to it, but of neighbors' t ams from the uplands, that occasionally put up over night and feed of new lowland hay.

The teams are watered and tied in their stalls and bountifully fed on the bright soft hay from the overflowed lands. About midnight the owner is awakened by a terrific uproar in the stables. Hastening thither, the teamster is astounded to see his horse or horses in a perfect frenzy of madness, rearing, striking, biting and kicking. Nothing however, can be done until the effects of the weed pass off, and morning finds the horse, if he has not injured himself, but little the worse for his night's antics. What weed this is I do not know, nor have I ever found any one that could positively say that they knew, but it is certain that there is something in the new cut bottom hay that will cause temporary insanity in horses. It is no uncommon thing to see a man driving a horse with a breised and swellen head and, upon inquiring the cause, he will answer, "Oh, I was down on the bottoms last night, and my borse get a dese of crazy weed." Whether this is the famous "loco weed," or whether it is confined to this locality. fined to this locality, is beyond my 'ken."-H. C. Coe in Scientific Ameri-

System of the German Army.

It is impossible to conceive of a more thorough system than that on which the German army is based. In every village there is a certain com of money deposited in the city hall which is sufficient to keep all the soldiers in the village in food for thirty days after the declaration of war. Next to the city hall is the armory, arsenal and barracks of the place. Here are the cannon and the smaller arms, the ammunition and every requisite for war. The officers live in the building. Scattered throughout the village are the soldiers. Those who pass the first term of service are engaged in various occu-pations. Every horse in the village is duly ticketed and appraised. At states times the home is taken from his position in the shafts of a cerriage or butcher's, baker's er candlestick maker's wagon, mounted by a seldier or hitched to a gun carriage, drilled into his business and returned politely to his owner. The instant war breaks out the horse becomes the property of William II.

This condition of things can ts in every corner of the empire. The instant the emperor decides on war the entire telegraphic and railroad service is turned over to the state; the sheemaker in the village dons his uniform, jumps on his neighbor's horse, reports at the tarracks, the bag of money is put in the gun car-riage, and within a few hours the entire force of the village, town or city is standing in the road ready mounted and thoroughly equipped for active service. Everything is arranged, all contingencies foreshadowed, and an army of 3,000,000 men stands waiting for orders within a few hours after the declaration of war. It is marvelous,-Blakely Hall in Boston Globe,

Brick Vencering for Frame Houses. A construction detail that is gaining much popularity in some western cities is the bricking in of frame houses. The building is sided up with matched stuff, as if complete; then a brick face wall four inches thick is tald in contact with the exterior, tied on by spikes about every rixth course. A loy distributes them all around on top of the wall. The are held in the meriar bed ready, or driven through into the riches (1.1)! heads are timb with the face of the wall when the next comes pro Lid, and a on. The walls present the oppourance of solid masomy, are durable, and, as they add to the warmth of the Luiklings seem to present substantial recommenda-tions, especially in severe elimates.-American Duilder.

A New and Valuable Drug.

According to Casseli's Magazine a new drug of great value has recently appeared in the market. It consists of powder jambul seeds—the seeds of a plant, Syzygium jambelanum or Eugenia jambolana, found in various parts of India, the Mauritius, Ceylon and the United States of Colombia. It has been well tested by the medical faculty in England, Germany and the United States, and is said to be a promising remedy in all cases of dia-betes. The action of the drug is to prevent formation of sugar in the system, and so to stay waste; and cases are en record showing that under its influence the special restrictive dict so obnoxious to diabetes patients can be dispensed with. -Frank Leslie's.

Not Always a Virtue.

With all that is justly said about the virtue of contentment, there is one species of it that lies like a worm at the core of all human progress. It is that which renders a man satisfied with his own achievements, content to remain where he is in the different spheres of activity or thought or usefulness, instead of ascending into others which are open to him and for which he may be fitted .-Once a Week.

Boys (out late)-There, Brown, is your house; d'you think you can get in by

Erown-Yesh, boys, b'gosh but the baby's crying. Thish (hic) no time to go (hic) home. Le's go an' have one more. -New York Sun.

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